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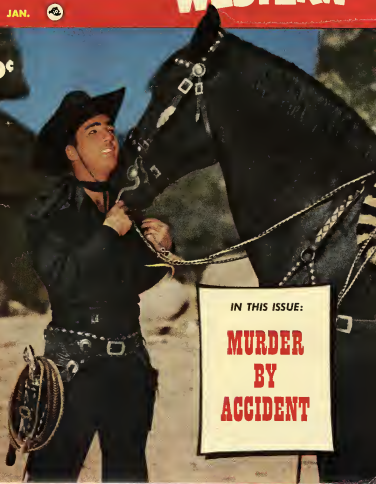
LASH LARUE

WESTERN

NO. 12 JAN.



10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:

**MURDER
BY
ACCIDENT**

HOPALONG CASSIDY



ROY ROGERS



GENE AUTRY



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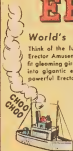


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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett Jr., President



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ONE NIGHT, LASH LARUE RIDES THROUGH THE HILLS ON HIS WAY TO THE TOWN OF BISHORN---

WELL, BY MORNING, MY OLD PARTNER, JEFF HOWARD, WILL BE THE NEWLY-ELECTED MAYOR OF BISHORN! IT'S WORTH THIS LONG TRIP JUST TO SURPRISE AND CONGRATULATE HIM!



IN HIS LETTER LAST WEEK HE WROTE HE WAS SURE OF BEING ELECTED! THE HOMBRE RUNNING AGAINST HIM HADN'T ANY SUPPORT FROM THE PEOPLE!



JUST THEN, LASH'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED AS---

WHOA, THERE, BLACK DIAMOND! LOOKS AS IF A WAGON TRAIN BROKE DOWN! LET'S INVESTIGATE!



GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS! I'D BE PLEASED TO HELP IF SOMETHING'S WRONG!



SUDDENLY---

GET THAT MAVERICK, PRONTO!



IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU WANT I CAN GIVE IT TO YOU, TOO!

OWOOO --- MY WRIST!



TAKE CARE OF THAT VARMINT! THE REST OF YOU GET THE WAGONS GOING!



RUSH HIM AND-- HEY! LOOK OUT, I'M FALLING!



JUST THEN LASH SEES--



THOSE WAGONS...
THEY'VE SET THEM
ON FIRE AND SENT
THEM ROLLING!

C'MON, LET'S GIT! WE TOOK
CARE OF THE WAGONS AND
THAT VARMIN'T'S TOO
MUCH TO HANDLE!

THEY'RE VAMPOOSING,
BUT I'D BETTER
TAKE AFTER THOSE
WAGONS!



LET'S MAKE DUST, BLACK
DIAMOND! MIGHT BE
SOMEONE INSIDE THOSE
WAGONS! THOSE OWLHOOTS
SURE DIDN'T WANT ME
CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE
ANYTHING!



FASTER, BOY--- THEY'RE HEADED
RIGHT FOR THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!
FROM THE WAY THEY'RE BURNING, IT'S
PLAIN THEY'VE BEEN DOUSED WITH
KEROSENE!



THE
HEAVY WAGONS
HAVE
TOO MUCH
OF A
HEAD
START
AND
SECONDS
LATER..

THERE THEY GO! WHOA,
BLACK DIAMOND!



THOSE WAGONS ARE
FINISHED NOW! BETWEEN
THAT FIRE AND THE
JAGGED ROCKS AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE CHASM,
THERE'S NOT MUCH
LEFT!



THE NEXT DAY, LASH RIDES INTO
THE TOWN OF BIGHORN---

BIGHORN IS SURE MIGHTY QUIET,
ESPECIALLY FOR THE DAY AFTER
AN ELECTION! I EXPECTED TO
SEE A HEAP OF LAUGHING, HAPPY
PEOPLE! SO FAR, I HAVEN'T SEEN
A SMILING FACE!



BUT AS LASH PAUSES AT THE TOWN
BULLETIN BOARD--

GREAT GUNS!!
JEFF WASN'T
ELECTED!

BULLETIN
RED MATHERS
ELECTED
MAYOR!
JEFF HOWARD
DEFEATED!
BALLOT COUNT SHOWS
MATHERS LANDSLIDE



I'LL FIND JEFF AND ASK HIM WHAT HAPPENED! HE WAS SO SURE HE'D BE ELECTED! SEEMS A LOT OF FOLKS IN TOWN AREN'T OVERJOYED AT THE ELECTION RESULTS! I'LL ASK IF THEY CAN TELL ME WHERE TO FIND JEFF!



HOWDY, PARTNERS! LOOKS AS IF YOU VOTED YOURSELVES A NEW MAYOR! I FIGURED TO FIND JEFF HOWARD ELECTED!

WE SURE DIDN'T VOTE FOR THAT CROOK, RED MATHERS! I VOTED FOR JEFF HOWARD!

THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF US, TOO!



WE ALL VOTED FOR JEFF HOWARD! MUST'VE BEEN A PASSAL OF THOSE OTHER HOMBRES WHO ELECTED RED MATHERS!

I RECKON SO, FRIENDS! I'LL BE MOVING ON, NOW!



LASH GOES THROUGH THE WHOLE TOWN, SPEAKING TO OTHERS AND....

HAPPY OVER THE ELECTION? NOT US, PARTNER! WE VOTED FOR JEFF HOWARD! BUT IT SEEMS AS IF THERE WERE ENOUGH FOOLS IN THIS TOWN TO ELECT RED MATHERS!



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY ODD ABOUT THIS! IT'S ONLY NATURAL FOR THE BACKERS OF A LOSING CANDIDATE TO GRUMBLE, BUT I'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH TOWN AND I HAVEN'T MET ONE SINGLE PERSON WHO VOTED FOR MATHERS! EVERYONE VOTED FOR JEFF, YET RED MATHERS WAS ELECTED!



JUST THEN---

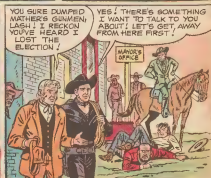
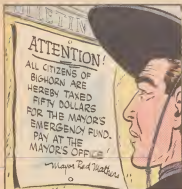
NO! WE WON'T PAY IT! IT'S ROBBERY!



SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! A NOTICE HAS BEEN POSTED ON THE TOWN BULLETIN BOARD. I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT!

I'M MAYOR NOW, AND YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! I WAS ELECTED AND MY DEPUTIES WILL ENFORCE THIS ORDER! ANY MORE OBJECTIONS?





SO YOU FEEL SOME-
THING'S FISHY ABOUT
THE ELECTION LAST
NIGHT, LASH! WELL,
I ADMIT I WAS
SHOCKED! I WAS
SURE I HAD NINETY-
NINE PERCENT OF
THE PEOPLE
BEHIND ME!

BUT THE
BALLOTS
DIDN'T ELECT
YOU! AND
NOW I FIND
ONE OF THE
VARMINTS I
TANGLED WITH
LAST NIGHT
WORKS FOR
MATHERS! I DON'T
LIKE THE SMELL
OF IT, JEFF!

THOSE CRITTERS LAST NIGHT
SURE WANTED TO KEEP ME
FROM SEEING WHAT WAS IN
THOSE WAGONS! COULD BE
THAT BALLOT BOXES WERE
INSIDE THEM!
BALLOT BOXES
HEAVY WITH
BALLOTS!

IT SURE
COULD, LASH!
BUT WHAT CAN
WE DO ABOUT
IT?

I'M GOING TO HAVE A
LOOK AROUND AT THE
BOTTOM OF THAT
CLIFF, MEANWHILE,
KEEP QUIET AND GIVE
ME TIME TO LOOK
INTO THIS FOLLY!

SURE
THING,
LASH!



LATER THAT DAY, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF
IN THE HILLS...

WHEN! MADE IT! NOW
TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND
DOWN HERE!



SEEMS TO BE NOTHING LEFT BUT A FEW
PIECES OF TWISTED METAL!



RECKON I WAS HOPING FOR TOO MUCH! THE
BALLOTS WERE PAPER, AND THE BOXES
WOODEN, AND THE WAGONS MADE OF WOOD
AND CANVAS! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT
SWOLDERING ASHES AND METAL!



BUT SUDDENLY, LASH
FINDS SOMETHING
AMID THE ASHES--

THERE'S NOT A TRACE
OF-- HOLD EVERYTHING!
WHAT'S THIS HERE?



IT'S AN IRON HANDLE FROM A BALLOT BOX! IT'S EVEN GOT THE NAME OF BIGHORN STAMPED ON IT! I WAS RIGHT, THE BALLOT BOXES WERE IN THE WAGONS!

THERE ARE MORE HANDLES IN THOSE ASHES, BUT THIS ONE IS ENOUGH FOR ME! THE VARMINTS FORGOT THAT THESE HANDLES WERE IRON AND WOULDN'T BURN! NOW TO GET BACK TO JEFF!

L A S H L A R U E

SO THEY BURNED THE BALLOTS AND BALLOT BOXES IN THOSE WAGONS AND SUBSTITUTED FAKE BALLOT BOXES WITH RIGGED BALLOTS TO ELECT MATHERS! OF COURSE, MATHERS MAY BE AN INNOCENT DUPE, AND REALLY THINK HE'S BEEN PROPERLY ELECTED! BUT IF HE'S IN ON THIS TOO, WE MUST GET PROOF! I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET IT!



I'LL SEND MATHERS THIS HANDLE WITH A NOTE, UNSIGNED, SAYING THE SENDER WAS AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF WHEN THE WAGONS FELL! IF HE WANTS TO KNOW MORE, HE'S TO MEET ME IN THE HILLS AT THE SQUARE ROCK. I'LL EMPHASIZE THAT HE'S TO COME ALONE!

I GET IT! IF HE'S NOT INVOLVED, HE'LL DISMISS THE NOTE AS THE WORK OF SOME CRANK! IF HE IS BACK OF THIS, HE'LL SHOW UP AND PROVE HE'S GUILTY!



THE NEXT DAY IN THE HILLS...

MATHERS MUST HAVE RECEIVED YOUR NOTE BY NOW, LASH. I'LL LAY ON THE FLOOR INSIDE HERE AND I'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR EVERYTHING!

RIGHT, JEFF! I STRESSED HIS COMING ALONE! IF HE BRINGS HIS PROOF, IT'LL BE ENOUGH OF HIS GUILT! NOW YOU GET UNDER COVER, JEFF!



SOON---

HELLO, THERE! I'M RED MATHERS! ARE YOU THE HOMBRE WHO SENT ME THAT NOTE? I'VE COME TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT!



YES! COME ON OVER!

I JUST FIGURED I'D RIDE UP AND SEE WHAT THAT NOTE WAS ALL ABOUT; AND WHAT YOU FIGURED THAT HANDLE WOULD MEAN TO ME!



HE'S ALONE! MAYBE HE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BURNING OF THE BALLOTS! AFTER ALL, HE JUST SEEMS CURIOUS!

SUDDENLY, AS LASH RELAXES HIS GUARD...

NOW! BOYS! GRAB HIM!
I'VE GOT HIM COVERED!



I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL!
YOU ARE BEHIND THE
CROOKED ELECTION,
MATHERS!

YES! I JUST SHOWED
MYSELF ALONE TO
GIVE MY BOYS A CHANCE
TO SNEAK UP BEHIND
YOU!



WE'RE
PUTTING YOU
IN YOUR
WAGON AND
SENDING IT
OVER THE
CLIFF!
TIE HIM UP,
BOYS!

I HOPE JEFF
KEEPS HIS HEAD
AND LAYS LOW IN-
SIDE THE WAGON!
WITH MY HANDS
TIED, HE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO HANDLE
THIS CREW ALL
ALONE!



MOMENTS LATER---

THAT'S IT, TOSS HIM INSIDE!
NOW SET FIRE TO IT AND SEND
IT ROLLING!

RIGHT, BOSS! I
SWEARED SOME AXLE
GREASE ON THE
WAGON AND IT'LL BURN
RIGHT NICELY!



THERE
SHE
GOES!



BUT INSIDE THE BURNING WAGON...

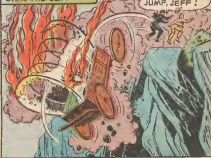
THERE YOU
ARE, LASH!

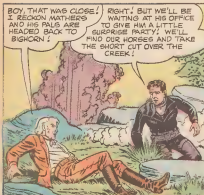
THANKS,
JEFF!



AND JUST AS THE FLAMING WAGON HURTTLES
OVER THE CLIFF ---

JUMP, JEFF!

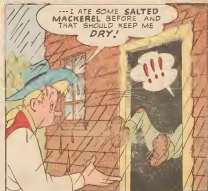
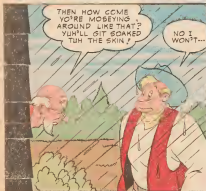
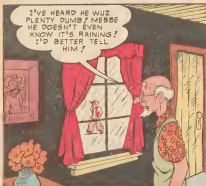




MOLASSES MOUTH



**DRY
HUMORIST!**





QUIZ

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT-EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT-
GOOD, 3 CORRECT-GOOD, 2 CORRECT-
FAIR, 1 CORRECT-POOR.

4. VIRGINIA ADOPTED A STATE CONSTITUTION IN 1776.

5. LAFAYETTE WAS MADE A MAJOR GENERAL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY ON JULY 31, 1777.

1. WOODROW WILSON WAS THE 28TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

2. THE U.S. NOW PRINTS FOUR TYPES OF PAPER CURRENCY.

3. ON SHIP, THE GALLEY IS THE KITCHEN.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, PUBLICATION, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1917, AND MARCH 3, 1937, OF LASH LARUE WESTERN, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT GREENWICH, CONN. FOR OCTOBER 1, 1958.

State of Connecticut, 1st County of Fairfield.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of LASH LARUE WESTERN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and of a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1917 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1937, embodied in section 297, said Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich Conn., Editor, C. V. Woods, Sunnyvale, E. I., N. Y., Managing Editor, Ralph Ditch, New Haven, Conn., N. Y. Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich Conn.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders of the publication will not only the list of stockholders and

ANSWERS

1. TRUE, 2. FALSE, 3. TRUE, 4. TRUE, 5. TRUE. TRUE, 2. FALSE, 3. TRUE, 4. TRUE, 5. TRUE.

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the persons or corporations by whom such holders are owned, is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities as a company other than that of a bona fide owner, and that said last has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mail or otherwise to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date above shown is: This information is required from daily publications only.

GORDON FAWCETT, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1958.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. HUNLEY

Notary Public

(My commission expires April 1, 1961)

TAKING NO CHANCES

By Bill Alexander

DUSTY MADDEN liked his job riding gun on the Overland stage. He was a tall, good-looking lad—that is when he was cleaned up. He got his name from the way he usually looked: plumb covered with dust! When Dusty swung down from the seat of the stage there was only one strip of his jeans that was free of the stuff. And that was across his middle, where he carried his Winchester. He was mighty handy with that rifle.

He had won a reputation as the best and surest poison for stage robbers. The Overland agent at Dalson would often say, "If we had a dozen Dusty Maddens we could bust the Carlton gang!" Overhearing this remark one day, Dusty felt himself more lucky than anything else.

The Carlton gang had tried to rob a stage he was riding about two months ago. When the gang attacked, Dusty flattened himself on the roof of the stage and downed three men in just that many seconds. Ever since that costly experience the outlaws had steered clear of the stage carrying the sharpshooting stagehand.

But the Carltons gave the other riders plenty of trouble. They were a shrewd bunch. A favorite trick of theirs was to ambush a stage as it entered the confines of Snake Hill. Snake Hill was a steep, winding canyon midway between Dalson and Sage City. It was a short cut, and drivers behind in their schedules were often forced to use it.

Dusty had just pulled into Dalson, and the smell of sweating horses filled the air as the tired team was unhitched and led away from the stage. Dusty stood wiping his face when the sheriff and Baker, the agent, came hurriedly out of the Overland office.

"Good to see you, Dusty," the sheriff said. "We've been waiting for you to come."

"Howdy, Sheriff! Howdy, Mr. Baker!" Dusty smiled as he switched his rifle to his left hand and shook their hands in turn. "You look worried, Sheriff. What's the trouble?"

"Dusty," the law officer said with concern, "Mr. Baker has a shipment of gold that has to be sent east today. I know you must be tired, but we've got to get the gold through. I'm afraid the Carlton gang may have got wind of it and I want to take it earlier than we planned—with you riding the stage with me!"

"Be glad to, Sheriff," Dusty answered, trying to get his fatigue. "I'd like a chance to mix with those Carltons again!"

"I hope you don't have the opportunity," Baker said nervously.

"I hope so too, Dusty," the sheriff agreed with the agent. "But just in case there's a few precautions we have to take. You and I will ride alone. We can't risk taking any passengers and the gold is very heavy. It's in a special iron safe that can be bolted to the floor of the stage. And we'll avoid Snake Hill, naturally. No sense taking any chances. How does that strike you, Dusty?"

The lad seemed lost in thought and was startled by the sheriff's question. "Oh! Fine, Sheriff! Fine!" he stammered, a sly smile revealing strong, white teeth. "I was just thinking that it would be a shame to use a new stage. It might get all shot up. I'll hitch a team to an old stage we keep in the barn yonder."

The safe was securely bolted in place, and the Winchester was propped up between Dusty and the sheriff. Dusty had insisted on driving, saying that he would enjoy the change from his usual job. The sheriff really didn't mind. It was a long, hot haul from Dalson to Sage City, and he was thankful for the chance to relax. The Carlton gang had been causing him no end of worry. Some folks even went so far as to say that it was his fault that there were so many stage robberies.

The sheriff knew he'd tried his best. But nonetheless, the anxiety of the last few months had been hard on him. He felt relaxed, sitting up there on the steadily rocking stage with the best shot in the country by his side.

"You're driving kind of easy, aren't you, Dusty?" he said turning to the young man.

Dusty patted the old brake handle affectionately. "No reason to hurry, Sheriff," he laughed, a sly grin never leaving his face. "We've got a long way to go."

As the afternoon wore on, the two men talked very little. The sheriff was content to just sit and watch the slowly passing countryside of gray and red rocks and distant blue mountains. Dusty was accustomed to the silence of the open range and appreciated it. He loved the great

ense of freedom that it held for him. It gave him time to think and today he really had something on his mind. From time to time he would chuckle under his breath.

The sheriff had been asleep for more than an hour and woke to find the stage moving slowly along the narrow floor of a canyon. The horses were at a walk grateful for the shade after the heat of the prairie. Dusty's hat was pulled far down over his eyes.

"Where Dusty?" the sheriff exclaimed, grabbing Dusty's arm. "We're at Snake Hill! I told you—"

Dusty looked with mock interest at the steep incline before them. "We're more than halfway to Sage City now and the canyon is too narrow to turn around in. We better keep going, it's getting late," he answered. Unnoticed by the sheriff, Dusty lowered his Winchester over the side of the stage and held it by the barrel at arm's length.

Suddenly, a group of riders appeared before them riding hard up the hill. *Twang!* A bullet tore through the air over Dusty's head, followed by the bark of a six-gun. It was the Carlton gang! Dusty released his grip on the rifle, letting it fall to the ground. *Twang!* Another shot! Dusty waited a moment, then reined up.

"All right, you hombres!" Blake Carlton ordered. "Put your hands up and come off that seat with them high! Pronto!"

The sheriff reached for his gun, but Dusty stopped him. "We don't stand a chance that way," he whispered. Hands in the air, the two men jumped to the ground. The Carltons did not recognize Dusty and paid no special attention to the unarmed driver. There were five outlaws in all, including the notorious Blake Carlton—the leader.

Two members of the gang dismounted and walked to where Dusty and the sheriff stood. The others covered them with drawn six-guns. The sheriff reluctantly allowed one of the outlaws to take his gun, while the second gangman wrenched open the stage door.

"Hey, Blake!" the outlaw bellowed. "The gold's here, sure enough!" He disappeared into the stage. After a moment the outlaw poked his head through the door, sweat streaming down his face. "They got it fixed so you can't move it!" he growled. "Come, have a look!"

Blake Carlton eyed Dusty and the sheriff suspiciously, then swung from his horse. "Keep a sharp watch on those two varmints," he ordered. "This may be a trap!"

Carlton examined the safe that was bolted to the floor of the stage. It had a combination lock and was made of thick iron. He turned to the sheriff, a malicious smile creasing his face. "Thought you were pretty clever, didn't you Sheriff?" He snickered. "Figured we wouldn't be able to move the gold. Well, you're wrong!"

Turning to his men, he ordered, "Mike! Gather in the horses and tie them to the back of the stage. The rest of you get up on this stage; we're going to ride in style. Seeing that we can't move the gold, we'll just vamoose with the whole shebang. It'll take the sheriff and his man a little while to walk back to town," he laughed. "Let's get going!"

The sheriff stood in wonder as the outlaws scrambled onto the stage. "Yeeyaaah! Giddaap!" Carlton yelled, and the team strained at their heavy load. The stage gained speed and started its plunge down Snake Hill as Dusty dashed for his dropped rifle. Faster and faster went the stage. Blake Carlton jammed his foot against the brake handle and pulled in on the reins hard as the old stage approached the first hairpin bend. The horses slowed, but the stage kept right on going, overtaking the horses! The stage was out of control!

Reaching the bend, the stage rocked up on two wheels, hung there for a second then smashed into the rock wall of the canyon! Men and horses were spewed over the canyon floor like so many struggling ants. Rifle in hand, Dusty ran down the hill. Shaken, but unhurt, Blake Carlton reached for his gun. There was the crack of a rifle and Carlton crumpled forward, hit in the shoulder. Another outlaw made a run for the bend. But a well-placed shot buckled the legs from under him. Again and again the Winchester barked until the last of the badmen fell wounded.

Dusty grinned a little as he watched the sheriff running, panting, to his side. "I kind of thought that brake would never hold a heavy load—not even one extra man," he said easily. "It was in awful bad shape."

THE sheriff could hardly speak. "You mean to say that you knew about the brake all along! And you—you came in here on purpose?" he cried in disbelief.

"That's about it, Sheriff," Dusty drawled. "But as I said, I don't believe in taking chances. I was just as sure that old brake wouldn't hold an extra load as I was that this Winchester would discourage anyone from fooling with that gold!"

THE END

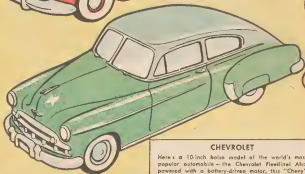
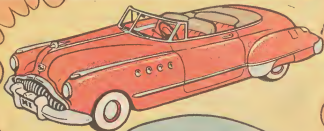


HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and wheel well fuses! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this scappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch Buick model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Hawthorn Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number.

"Lash" LARUE



in

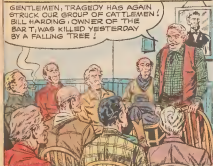
MURDER BY ACCIDENT!

Accidents do happen! But when they happen with deadly frequency, it's more than coincidence! And Lash Larue, the roving marshal, must fight mystery and intrigue to solve the **MURDERS BY ACCIDENT!**



ONE DAY, AT A MEETING OF THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF BEDINO COUNTY---

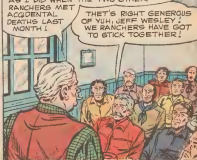
GENTLEMEN, TRAGEDY HAS AGAIN STRUCK OUR GROUP OF CATTLEMEN! BILL HARDING, OWNER OF THE BAR T, WAS KILLED YESTERDAY BY A FALLING TREE!

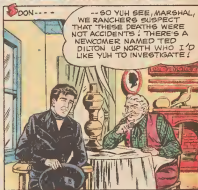
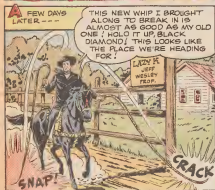
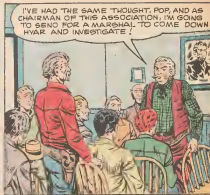


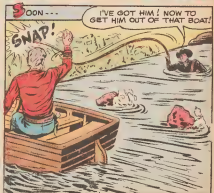
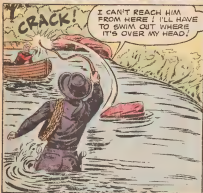
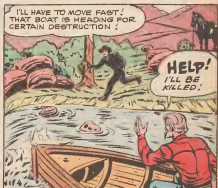
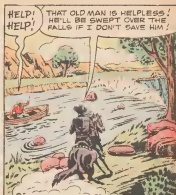
BILL'S WIDOW AND SMALL CHILDREN CAN'T RUN THE RANCH, SO I'VE GIVEN MRS. HARDING A GOOD PRICE FOR THE SPREAD SAME AS I DID WHEN THE TWO OTHER

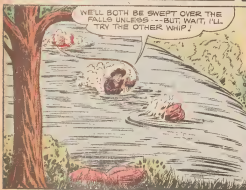
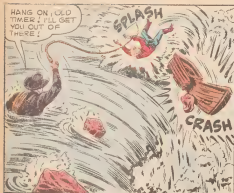
RANCHERS MET ACCIDENTAL DEATHS LAST MONTH!

THAT'S RIGHT GENEROUS OF YUH, JEFF WESLEY! WE RANCHERS HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER!









THE NEXT THING THAT HAPPENED WAS THAT I WAS HIT OVER THE HEAD AND I WOKE UP IN THE BOAT JEST WHEN YOU SAW ME ABOUT TO GO OVER THE FALLS!



POP, THIS IS A MAP OF BEDINO COUNTY! WILL YOU POINT OUT THE BOUNDARIES OF YOUR RANCH?



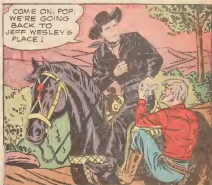
I'VE GOT A THOUSAND ACRES AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE COUNTY THAT RUNS ALONGSIDE THE ALCODE RIVER, HYAR!



THE RANCHES OF THE THREE MEN WHO DIED WERE ALSO ALONGSIDE THE RIVER! POP, SOMEONE TRIED TO MURDER YOU! I'M NOT SURE, YET, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHO OUR MAN IS!



COME ON, POP, WE'RE GOING BACK TO JEFF WESLEY'S PLACE!



SHORTLY AFTER---

NOW YOU JUST STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR ME TO CALL YOU! I'LL GO IN FIRST!

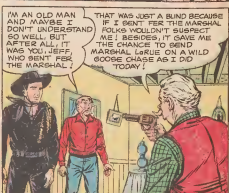
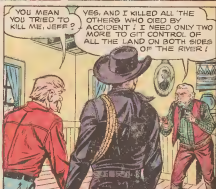
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, MARSHAL, BUT I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!

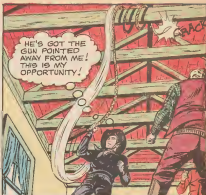
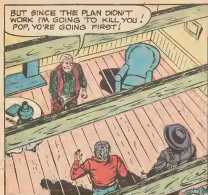


HELLO, MARSHAL, DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING?

YES, I DID! AND I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR MURDER!

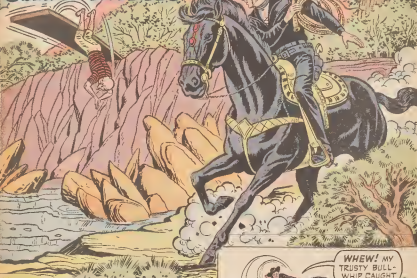






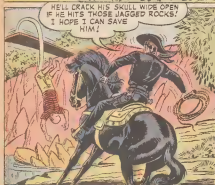
Lash LARUE

and THE GRAIN THIEVES



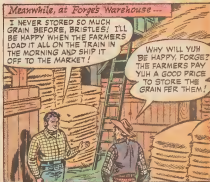
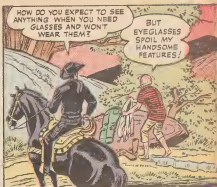
JEEPERS! LOOK AT SQUINTY!
INSTEAD OF DIVING INTO THE
WATER, HE'S DIVING INTO
THOSE ROCKS!

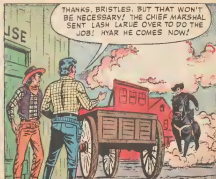
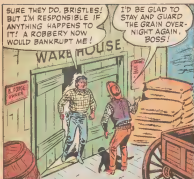
HE'LL CRACK HIS SKULL WIDE OPEN
IF HE HITS THOSE JAGGED ROCKS!
I HOPE I CAN SAVE
HIM!

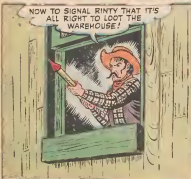
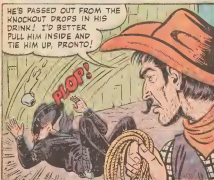


WHEW! MY
TRUSTY BULL-
WHIP CAUGHT
HIM JUST
IN TIME!

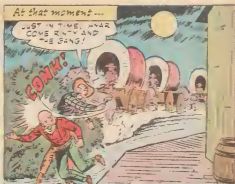


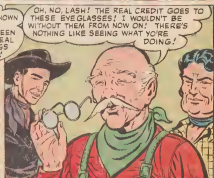
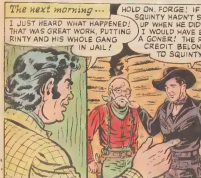














QUIZ...

LET'S PUT ON OUR THINKING CAPS AND SEE HOW WELL WE CAN DO. SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5-CORRECT-EXCELLENT 4-VERY GOOD 3-GOOD 2-FAIR, 1-POOR.

- 1 MARTIN VAN BUREN WAS THE 9TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

☐ True ☐ False



- 4 CAPTAIN MARVEL'S MAGIC WORD IS SHAZAM.

☐ True ☐ False



- 2 ON A SHIP AFT MEANS LATER.

☐ True ☐ False



- 5 A BEAGLE IS A DOG.

☐ True ☐ False

- 3 THE AMERICAN INDIANS' MONEY CALLED WAMPUM WAS MADE OF SILVER.

☐ True ☐ False



NUMBERS: 1-FALSE, HE WAS THE 8TH 2-FALSE, IT WAS BEAD WORK MADE OF SHELLS 3-TRUE, 4-TRUE, 5-TRUE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

CAPTAIN VIDEO

10¢ SOON TO APPEAR ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢







THERE'S A

Surprise

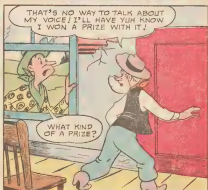
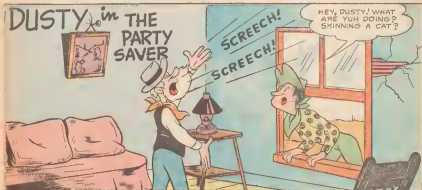
NOVELTY
IN EVERY BOX

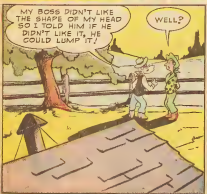
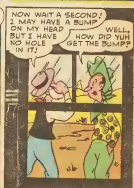
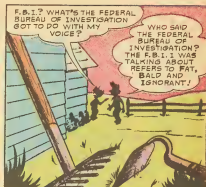
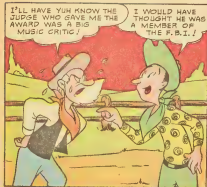
IT'S FUN TO
COLLECT
CRACKER JACK
NOVELTIES

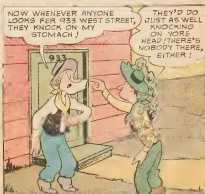
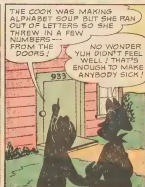
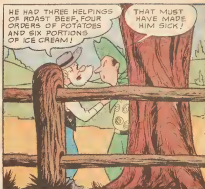
Cracker Jack toy

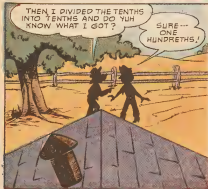
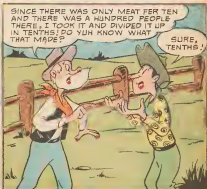
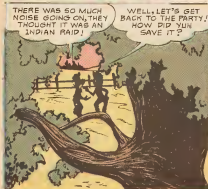
IT'S CANDY COATED
POPCORN WITH PEANUTS

THE MORE YOU EAT... THE MORE YOU WANT









Lash LARUE



in THE LONG HAUL



WHEN THE STACCATO SOUND OF SIX-GUNS ECHOES THROUGH THE HILLS, LASH LARUE FINDS HIMSELF AIDING A HARD-PRESSED WAGON DRIVER AGAINST A PASSEL OF VARMINTS! THE RESULT IS A MIGHTY UNHAPPY HERD OF COYOTES WHO LEARN THAT CRIME MAY BE A SHORT CUT TO FORTUNE, BUT JUSTICE ALWAYS WINS IN THE LONG HAUL!

IN ROCK ACRES, SECRET MARSHAL LASH LARUE VISITS AN OLD FRIEND, SHERIFF CARTER...

LASH, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET A MAN WHO'S GOING TO DO BIG THINGS FOR THIS COMMUNITY...
BERT RONSON!

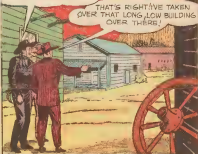
GLAD TO MEET YOU, LARUE! SHERIFF CARTER HAS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU!

HONDY, RONSON!



THE SHERIFF TELLS ME THAT YOU'RE GOING TO SET UP A PLANT TO MAKE LEATHER GOODS OF ALL KINDS HERE IN ROCK ACRES!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE TAKEN OVER THAT LONG, LOW BUILDING OVER THERE!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

I'VE ALREADY GOT A NUMBER OF MY MEN AT WORK, PREPARING SKINS AND HIDES! I HOPE TO SUPPLY THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE WITH LEATHER GOODS!



I SURE WISH YOU SUCCESS WITH YOUR VENTURE, RONSON! I'LL BE MOSEYING ON NOW, FRIENDS!

IT WAS GOOD SEEING YOU, LASH! BE SURE TO STOP BY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING THIS WAY AGAIN!



GO LONG, MARSHAL! NICE TO HAVE MET YOU!



LATER THAT DAY, LASH IS HIGH IN THE REDWOOD HILLS...

THAT BERT RONSON STANDS TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY WITH HIS LEATHER GOODS BUSINESS!

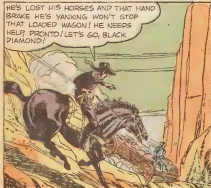


SUDDENLY---

WHOA, BLACK DIAMOND! THAT HAULAGE WAGON'S RUNNING PLUMB WILD!

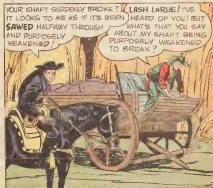
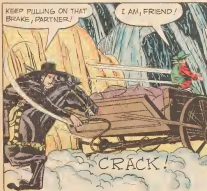


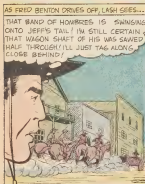
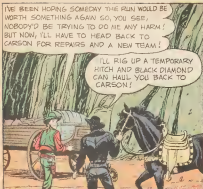
HE'S LOST HIS HORSES AND THAT HAND BRAKE HE'S YANKING WON'T STOP THAT LOADED WAGON! HE NEEDS HELP, PRONTO! LET'S GO, BLACK DIAMOND!

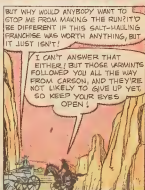
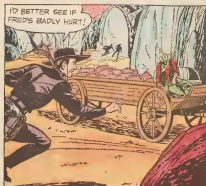


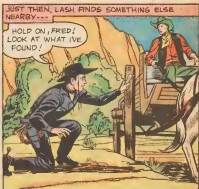
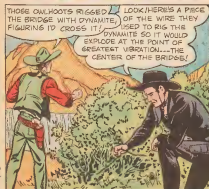
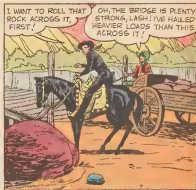
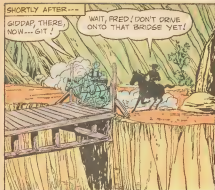
JUST GET A MITE CLOSER, SO THAT I CAN CURL MY LASH AROUND IT!



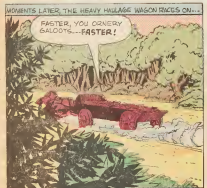
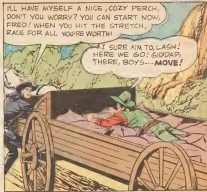


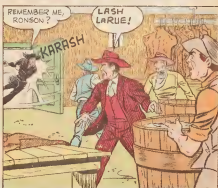
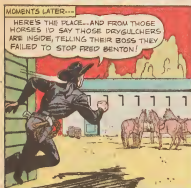


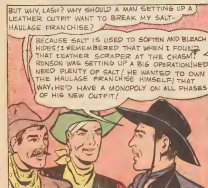
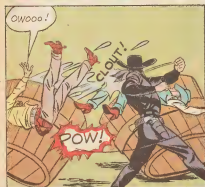




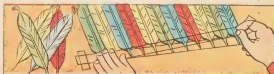








Play cowboys and Indians with this nifty **INDIAN HEADRESS** made with "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape



(1) Cut out paper feathers from heavy construction paper of different bright colors. You'll need at least 10 or 15. Or use real feathers if you can get some. (2) Take a strip of cellophane tape long enough to fit around your head with a 2" overlap, and put it sticky side up on some hard surface (a desk or table). Tape both ends down. (3) Place the feathers on the tape, spacing them about an inch apart. Continue until all the feathers are in place. (4) Put another strip of tape on top of feathers, making a "sandwich". Remove the tape holding the headress to the table.



Wrap the headress around your head, using the overlap to tape the ends together. Now you're ready for war dance or powwow!



FREE

Send for your copy of "Tracks with Tape", new booklet full of interesting playtime ideas. Write Dept., FC-110, Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn., enclosing the paid tab from a roll of "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.

SCOTCH
Cellophane Tape

Transparent or glass
Seals without moistening



104 15¢
25¢ 39¢

You Make Money Fast with the Sensational New **COLOR**

TELEVISION BANK

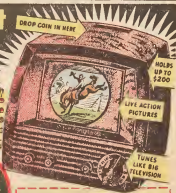
WATCH THE MONEY POUR IN... EVERYBODY PUTS IN NICKLES, DIMES, QUARTERS TO SEE THEIR FAVORITE T-V SCENES LIGHT UP IN FULL, GLOWING COLORS!

Now every night is T-V Night, and you make easy money on every show. This miniature T-V Bank is exact replica of table model Philco STANDS ALMOST HALF A FOOT HIGH! Come play with battery bulb and film. Just a flick of the knob and you see cartoons, sport, westerns, etc. pictures in full color. ORDER TODAY!

Send No Money—Use 10 Days of Our Risk

Just send name and address. On arrival pay postman only \$2.98 per bank plus C.O.D. charges. If not thrilled return within 10 days for refund. **SAVE MONEY!** Send \$2.98 with order and we pay postage. Mail handy coupons NOW!

only
\$2.98



T-V BANK CO., Dept. FC
315 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

☐ Cash enclosed. Send prepaid. ☐ Send C.O.D.

Rush me my T-V Bank complete with battery, film and bulb. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$2.98 per bank plus C.O.D. postage. At end of 10 days, if I am not delighted, I may return for full refund. (Send cash, we pay postage)

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BE A COWBOY

ASK DAD TO GET
YOU THIS REALISTIC
SADDLE GUN!
—Red Ryder



No. 111

Only \$4.95

Leather
Saddle
Thong
Attached

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to change with-
out notice and
without re-
turn. See
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Only \$6.95

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OF BULLS EYE SHOT...

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1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
LICENSED BY STEPHEN ELZINGER & T
COWBOY CARBINE

Imagine yourself riding a western cow-pony through the purple sagebrush Out West—your 1000-shot repeating RED RYDER CARBINE in your hands or lashed to saddle—ready for action! Be a cowboy—ask Dad to get you a husky, sweet-shooting DAISY now—or for Christmas! This world-famous DAISY looks, feels, handles like a real Western Saddle Gun with Carbine Ring, Adjustable Rear Sight, and RYDER'S name, horse on Pistol Grip Stock. Only \$4.95 at dealers. Rush Coupon for Catalog now!

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OWN A DAISY PUMP GUN for "logs" in target shooting! Extremely accurate take-down model. A 50-shot force-feed repeater. All metal parts gun-blue with beautiful "gold"-engraved HUNTER-DOG-DAME scene on jacket. Walnut finish stock. Pump (pull) slide forward stock to cock! Tell Dad you want a DAISY PUMP GUN for target fun now—for Christmas sure! Only \$6.95 at dealers.

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THE COUPON
STRAIGHT IN
TO DAISY
FOR HELP
IN GETTING
A DAISY FOR
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—Red Ryder

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ST. & NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

So we can HELP YOU GET A DAISY FOR CHRISTMAS,
even before NAME and INITIALS of your FATHER or
GUARDIAN. We'll write him later!

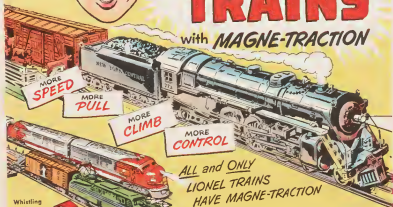
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Only LIONEL TRAINS, with Magne-Traction can take terrific curves at top speed. Only LIONEL Locomotives, with Magne-Traction, can climb a 20% grade...pull twice as many cars twice as fast...stop on a dime...start instantly on command! Magical Magne-Traction is a LIONEL exclusive...like so many other features that make LIONEL TRAINS the finest in the world...for 50 years! Ask your dealer for the latest Lionel Catalog—or mail coupon for special offer.

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Box Set #788

JUNE 24, 1999



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